GJW XI: Fiction

"Delivery for Mr. and Mrs.... Inahj?" queried a Force blind delivery driver.

Licon signed for the large coolbox that sat at her feet. She carried it inside and began unloading the frozen bags of breastmilk into her freezer. The retired Dark Jedi smiled.

*At least there's plenty here. After all we have no idea how long they will be gone for.*

A few hours later, the Inahj lodgings' doorbell went for a second time. This time the "delivery" involved two things.

Kooki entered the home of her spouse's parents carrying two identical small bundles. Following her closely was Andrelious himself, heavily laden with all the nappies, clothes and various other essentials the twins could possibly need.

After a slightly emotional farewell, the parents left their babies with their grandparents, deep inside hoping this would not be the last time they saw them. Kooki vowed to herself and to both Poppy and Etty that it wasn't "goodbye”, it was merely a "see you soon."

The Priestess heaved a heavy sigh and got into the shuttle to return to Selen. Exhaling gently she knew what everyone else knew.

The Great Jedi War had begun!!

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Selen. The place where Kooki had found her "home," both conceived her babies and brought them into the world. It didn't look the same now war was starting to tear through the city around her. Staring at the few ruins that were scattered about, Kooki knew she had to head away from here. A far worse place was summoning her. She clambered aboard yet another shuttle and ventured towards Korriban.

Eventually the Alderaanian arrived and it wasn't long before she grew agitated at the environment surrounding her. Kooki grew up at the foot of picturesque mountains on her utopian home planet. Closing her eyes she could still feel the chilly, yet crisp Alderaanian air. The heat was beating down and already was causing her to sweat. Luckily she had foreseen this, and had tied up her long black and purple hair into a high bun, aside two thick strands either side of her face. As Kooki ventured towards to the ruins of the Sith Academy, she began to sense that the seemingly eerie quiet would not be lasting long. Clearly someone had come here before her. Yet she couldn’t work out who.

Her destination was in sight and the female stopped in her tracks suddenly. A familiar Force imprint could be felt and she spun round. Kooki couldn’t help but smile.

“You really think we were going let you go it alone,” the male smirked.

Before she could respond, her Onderonian best friend stated rather stoically, “And before you start all that ‘one’ discourse and stubbornness with me, it isn’t going to make me go away.”

“Edraven. But why?” she questioned, quite annoyed.

“Simple. Your spouse and his Battleteam have started their own mission in this conflict. And myself and my Quaestor realised Qel-Droma couldn’t bear to lose you. You are a valuable asset to us. And…well… I kinda promised Andrelious we would look out for you.”

“But how did you find me?”

“Simple. Shadow Gate were heading here. Rrogan Skar was discussing his plans in that secluded conference room. And I knew you being you, wouldn’t wait. Especially with the One Sith being involved.”

Kooki continued to smile. Her best friend knew her better than she knew herself.

“So…. What’s your plan in securing this place?”

Celevon went pale. For a change his utterance wasn’t going to start with ‘simple’.

“Well you’re lucky I have one.”

As the duo approached the perimeter of the ruins, a twi’lek appeared.

“Friend or foe?” she queried.

She seemed to give off a friendly, passive yet evasive aura.

Kooki looked at her accomplice. Grinning at him, he knew she was up to something and to just follow her lead.

“We are no threat,” the Alderaanian replied.

“You are no threat,” Nalia Ust’essi responded.

“We are just archaeologists looking for remains,”

“You are just archaeologists looking for remains.”

With that the two Arconans pursued and entered the ancient site. They started their ‘search’ and ensuring they were ready to strike at any time if needs be. As they were advancing towards the centre of the ruins, a familiar face came into view.

“Friend or foe?” a female twi’lek asked.

“We already told you,” stated the Onderonian.

“Friend or foe?” repeated the alien.

“Listen here, we already…” began Kooki, who was interrupted abruptly by an identical twi’lek entering where the trio were gathered.

“Oh… there’s two of you…” the commented the Priestess.

“They are just archaeologists looking for remains,” explained Nalia, to her twin Jedi sister, Rhiaen.

The Qel-Dromans were about to embark on ‘searching for remains,’ when a droid entered from what was once a side room. Kooki shuddered. She sensed a negative Force imprint approaching. She tried in vain to move, but seemed fixed to the spot. A tall, rather untidy looking male entered the room. He immediately ordered YVH-1 into action.

“Secure the intruders. They have no place here.”

Kooki refused to allow herself or her best friend to be taken hostage and engaged her amethyst saber. Without a second thought, she swung her blade and moments later, the droid was in two pieces. The male was absolutely livid. He was really not wanting to have to physically get involved. Since he was not completely mentally stable, he began behaving irrationally. The Priestess may have been outranked by him, yet his instabilities played to his detriment.

A duel of identical coloured sabers took place. Armed with her saber in her right hand, Kooki swept it behind her back. When her enemy was blocking his main trunk of his body, she switched hands, and with a sharp lunge, the ambidextrous female plunged her weapon into the male’s chest. He fell to the floor, clutching his chest where his lung had been punctured. Writhing about in pain, he tried to beg for mercy, yet was unable to speak a word. The Arconan female stood adjacent to her best friend, and the two of them watched the colour drain from their new ‘friend’. Eventually, the unknown person lay at their feet, all essence of life, gone.

“Quick! Make a hole. Make it look like we are ACTUALLY archaeologists,” the feisty female demanded.

“What?! Why?! What are we actually looking for?” Celevon questioned.

“We’re not! We’re hiding THOSE!” Kooki stated stoically, as she pointed at the recently deceased body and his dismantled droid.

**A short time elapsed….**

The twin twi’leks wandered in once again, just as Kooki had covered her latest victim’s toes with sand. She quickly rose to her feet and resumed her stance adjacent to Edraven.

“Found anything interesting?” Rhiaen asked.

The Qel-Droman Aedile wasn’t sure what to say. Luckily his quick-witted accomplice had a response in mind.

“A couple of things, but nothing spectacular. Anyway it’s time we left, before any conflict occurs. I have my own twins to get back to.”

Before any further questions could be asked, Kooki and Celevon quickly dispersed and caught a shuttle back to Selen. She was starting to feel that her twins needed at least one parent away from the conflict. This was most unlike her usual behaviour, but right now the mother wanted to return to her children. She had already had some fun and conflict of her own.

**A few days later…..**

A shuttle arrived upon the desert planet. A short, chestnut haired male disembarked, closely followed by his Battleteam Sergeant, and the rest of their Battleteam. Andrelious hadn’t seen his spouse since her departure to Korriban, since he was delayed in joining her. He was sensing conflict would be imminent, yet his strive to attack was overwhelmed by fear as he couldn’t feel his beloved Kooki anywhere close by. Luckily, there had been no news up until now….

“Friend or foe?” a twi’lek enquired to Andrelious and his accompanying daughter.

“You’ll soon find out,” came a rather threatening response from the concerned Warlord.

The alien’s twin accompanied her and enlightened her of news.

“Mr. Grey has made a discovery,”

“Oh?” her sister eagerly responded, whilst ignoring the latest company.

“He’s found a body…. A freshly deceased one.”

Andrelious had heard enough. Without waiting to find out the identity on such body, he gave Soulfire the signal to prepare for conflict.

The enemies were fast approaching.

“Secure the perimeters. A killer lies amongst these people. Spare no one!”

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